Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,] "WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.* [EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

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From the Dubuque (Iowa) Herald.

A FRONTIER SKETCH---THE INDIAN RUNNER.

During the summer of 18—, soon after the difficulties with the Winnebago Indians had been amicably adjusted by a visit of the chiefs to Washington, accompanied by Gov. Cass, a Sioux Indian, while hunting near the mouth of Root river, shot and scalped a Winnebago, which he attempted to justify by saying that the Winnebago had wrapped around his person the blanket of an Indian, who a short time previous had murdered his brother. The Winnebagoes became indignant at the act, and about two thousand of them assembled at Fort Crawford, and demanded the procurement and surrender of the murderer. The officers of the fort, apprehensive that new difficulties might arise with this factious tribe if their demands were unattended to, concluded to make an effort to obtain the murderer. Accordingly an officer was despatched to demand him of the Sioux nation, who immediately gave him up, and he was brought down the river and confined at Fort Crawford. Soon after his arrival at the fort, the Winnebagoes assembled again, and insisted upon an unconditional surrender of the prisoner to them, which Col. Taylor refused to make, but despatched Lieutenant R. and Dr. Eluise, the surgeon of the garrison to have a talk upon the subject. At the conference, the Winnebagoes talked in a threatening and overbearing manner, and insisted that nothing would satisfy them but the taking of the life of the Sioux in their own way, and by themselves. At length Lieut. R. proposed that the Indian should have a chance for his life in the following manner:

Two weeks from that time he was to be led out upon the prairie, and in a line with him, ten paces off was to be placed upon his right and left each, twelve of the most expert runners of the Winnebago nation, each armed with a tomahawk and scalping knife. This arranged, at the tap of the drum the Sioux should be free to start for the home of his tribe, and the Winnebagoes free to pursue, capture and scalp him if they could. To this proposition the Winnebagoes acceded at once, and seemed much pleased with the anticipation of great sport, as well as an easy conquest of the prisoner, whose confinement in the garrison, during the two weeks, they believed, would prostrate whatever running qualities he possessed. Their best runners were immediately brought in and trained every day in full sight from the fort. Lieut. R., who was something of a sportsman, and who had warmly enlisted in the cause of the Sioux, determined to have his Indian in the best possible trim. Accordingly, Dr. Eluise took him in charge, prescribing his diet, regulating his hours of repose, and directing the rubbing of his body with flesh brushes twice a day immediately before he went upon the parade ground to perform his morning and evening trainings. In fact, so carfully was he trained and fitted for the race of life or death, that he was timed upon the parade ground, the fourth day before the race, and performed the astonishing feat of forty-one miles in the two hours, apparently without fatigue.

The day at length arrived. Thousands of Indians, French, Americans, and others, had assembled to witness the scene. In fact it was regarded as a gala-day by all, except the avenger of his brother Sue. Lieut. R., on the part of the prisoner, and the celebrated war chiefs, War-kon-shutes-kee and Pinetop, on the part of the Winnebagoes, superintended the arrangement of the parties upon the ground. The point agreed upon for starting was upon the prairie a little to the north of Prairie du Chien, and a few rods from the residence then occupied by Judge Lockwood, while the race track lay along the Nine Mile Prairie stretching to the north, and skirting the shore of the Mississippi. The Sioux appeared upon the ground, accompanied by a guard of soldiers, who were followed by his twenty-four antagonists, marching in Indian file, naked, with the exception of the Indian breechlet. Their ribs were painted white, while their breasts were adorned with a number of hieroglyphical paintings. Across the face alternate stripes of white and black were painted in parallel lines extending from the chin to the fore-head.

The hair was plaited into numerous throngs fringed with bells, and tasseled with a red or white feather, while their mocasins were corded tightly around the hollow of the foot, as well as around the ancle with the sinews of the deer. In the right hand each carried his tomahawk, while the left grasped the sheath that contained the scalping-knife. The prisoner was about twenty-three years of age, a little less than six feet in height, of a muscular, well proportioned contour, and manifested in the easy movements of his body, a wiry and agile command of his muscular powers; his countenance presented a wan and haggard appearance, as he stood upon the ground, owing partly to the rigid discipline he had undergone in training, and partly to his having painted his face black, with the figure of a horse shoe in white upon his forehead, which denoted that he was condemned to die, with the privilege of making an effort to save his life by fleetness; around his neck he wore a narrow belt of wampum, to which was appended the scalp that he had taken from the Winnebago.

Soon after they had formed in a line, Lieut R., having noticed at the same time that the countenance of the Indian presented a downcast and melancholy appearance, requested Dr. Eluise to come forward, who, after examining his pulse, reported that he was much excited, and his nerves were in a tremulous condition. Lieut. R. immediately took him by the arm and led him out some distance in front of the line, where he asked him, through his interpreter if he was afraid to run; to which he replied that he was not afraid to run with any Winnebago on foot, but he was afraid that he could not outrun all the horses that were mounted by armed Indians. The Lieutenant saw at once the cause of his alarm, and informed him that they should not interfere. He intended to ride the fleetest horse upon the ground, and keep near him, and as he was well armed, would see that no horseman approached with hostile intention. At this announcement the countenance of the Indian brightened up with a smile; his whole person seemed lifted from the ground, as he returned to his position in the line, with a stalwart stride. The chiefs and Lieut. R. soon after this, mounted their horses and took a position directly in the rear of the prisoner.—Spectators were removed from the front, when Lieut. R. gave the signal; the blow had scarcely reached the drum, when the prisoner darted from his antagonists, with a bound which placed him beyond the reach of the whirling tomahawk. When the race was under way many of his antagonists ran with great fleetness for a mile, when the distance between them and the Sioux began to widen rapidly, showing the superior bottom of the latter, acquired by the discipline of the white man. At the end of two miles the last of the Winnebagoes withdrew from the chase; there was not an Indian horse upon the ground that could keep up with him after he had gone the first half mile, and at the end of the fourth mile Lieut R., finding that his steed was much fatigued, and the prairie free from enemies, reined up. The Indian did not look behind, or speak as far as he was followed or could be seen, but kept his eye steadily fixed upon the flags that had been placed at distances of half a mile apart, in order that he might run upon a straight line.

It was soon after reported by the Winnebagoes that he had been shot by one of their boys that had been secreted by order of War-kon-shutes-kee, beneath the bank of the river near the upper end of the prairie. This, however proved not to be true. The boy had shot a Winnebago through mistake, who, like himself, had been treacherously secreted for the purpose of intercepting the Sioux, who, a few years ago was present at a treaty made by Governor Doty with the Sioux nation.

He had then but recently acquired the rank of chief. He requested Gov. Doty to inform him where Lieut. R. and Dr. Eluise were at that time, and was told that both had died in Florida. He immediately withdrew from the convention, painted his face black, and departed to the woods; nor could ne be prevailed upon to come into the convention until he had gone through the usual ceremony of fasting and mourning for the dead.

Social Intercourse.—We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, and maintains good order; who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society, whose deportment is upright and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claims as the reluctant, the backward symwathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance the well off are too apt to manifest to those a little down, with whom in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.—*Daniel Webster.*

First Gun.—A boy got his grandfather's gun and loaded it, but was afraid to fire; he however liked the fun of loading, and so put in another charge, but still was afraid to fire. He kept on charging, but without firing, until he had got six charges in the old piece. His grandmother, learning his temriety smartly reproved him, and grasping the old continental, discharged it. The recoil was tremendous; the old lady on her back promptly struggled to regain her feet, but the boy cried out—

"Lay still there are five more charges to go off yet!"

☞ 'I say, boy, stop that ox.'
'I havn't got no stopper, sir.'
'Well, head him then.'
'He's already headed, sir.'
'Confound your impertinence—turn him.'
'He's right side out already, sir.'
'Speak to him, you rascal, you.'
'Good morning, Mr. Ox.'

Office hunters are becoming liberal.—We heard of a candidate for Clerk, not long since, who proposed to issue marriage licenses gratis; his opponent said he would do likewise, and throw in a cradle.

A New Irish Melody.—Were there not a "Mary" attached to this lovely little ballad, in a late "Dublin Nation," we would have thought that Moore himself had snatched from the walls of Tara the long neglected harp, and breathed once more the spirit of his genius over its strings. It is a genuine echo, at least, from their old pulsations.—[Eds. Exp.

Were I But His Own Wife.

Were I but his own wife, to guard and to guide him,
'Tis little of sorrow should fall on my dear;
I'd chant my low love-verses, stealing beside him,
So faint and so tender his heart would but hear;
I'd pull the wild blossoms from valley and highland,
And there at his feet I would lay them all down;
I'd sing him the songs of our poor stricken Island,
Till his heart was on fire with a love like my own.

There's a rose by his dwelling—I'd tend the lone treasure,
That he might have flowers when the Summer would come;
There's a harp in his hall—I would wake its sweet measure,
For he must have music to brighten his home,
Were I but his own wife, to guide and to guard him,
'Tis little of sorrow should fall on my dear;
For every kind glance my whole life would award him—
In sickness I'd soothe and in sadness I'd cheer.

My heart is a fount welling upward forever—
When I think of my true love, by night or by day,
That heart keeps its faith like a fast-flowing river
Which gushes forever and sings on its way.
I have thoughts full of peace for his soul to repose in,
Were I but his own wife to win and to woo—
Oh! sweet if the night of misfortune were closing,
To rise like the morning star, darling, on you.

For the Register.

Clarksburg, Va.

ACROSTIC.

I Live for Thee.

In vain the moon and twinkling stars
Light up the glorious heavens above—
In vain we trace those burning cars—
Vain—all is vain! if woman's love
Enliven not our lonely hours.

Fair scenes may rise before the sight,
Of fields, and groves, and shady bowers,
Remove your smiles, and all is right.

Then turn and smile—O, smile on me!
Hear, lady—hear my earnest prayer—
Each aspiration points to thee;
Each hope is fondly centered there.

Ephebus.

Miss A*******.

THE COUSINS.

One of the best stories we have lately read, is entitled "The Cousins—a Country Tale." It is from the chaste pen of Miss Mitford, an English authoress of considerable reputation. The whole is too long for one paper, and it is a story which it will spoil to divide. The first half of the story, like the bigger portion of the first volume of some of Scott's novels, is merely introductory to what follows. So we will sum up the preparatory part in a few words, and then give the denouement in Miss Mitford's own beautiful language.

Lawyer Molesworth was a rich landlord in Cranley, the native town of Miss Mitford. He had two daughters, to whom his pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Agnes was a pretty woman. Jessie was a pretty girl. The fond father intended that Jessie should marry a poor relation, one Charles Woodford. Charles had been brought up by his uncle's kindness, and had recently returned into the family from a great office in London.—Charles was to be the immediate partner, and eventual successor to the flourishing business of his benefactor, whose regard seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of the orphan nephew. Agnes, who secretly entertained an affection for Charles, was destined by her father for a young baronet, who had lately been much at the house.

But in affairs of love, as in all others, says Miss Mitford, man is born to disappointments. "L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose," is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who, Jessie having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two and twenty, offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his penniless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connection very respectfully and firmly declined. The young man was very much distressed and agitated; he had the highest respect for Miss Jessie, but could not marry her, he loved another! And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast, and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid observatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty.—Jessie was flitting about like a butterfly among the fragrant orange trees and bright geraniums. Agnes was standing under a superb fuschida that hung over a large marble basin—her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the appearance of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessie was prating gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert she had attended the evening before at the country.

"I hate concerts," said the pretty little flirt; "to sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving or speaking to any body, or any body's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!"

"I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you," said Agnes, a little archly—"his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil; but the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat without accomplishing his object."

"Yes, I assure you he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music!" pursued Jessie, "the noise that they called music! Sir Edmund says he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton, and bits of Hamlet."

"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes, laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it is most truly so, with his rich, Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you who do not love music for its sake, it is doubtless a pleasure much resembling in kind that of the most brilliant melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or Sophocles in the original Greek—Charles Woodford's reading is music."

"It is a music neither of you are likely to hear again," interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them—"for he has been ungrateful and I have discharged him."

Agnes stood as if petrified. "Ungrateful! oh, father!"

"You can't have discharged him, to be sure, papa," said Jessie, always good-natured. "Poor Charles! what can he have done?"

"Refused your hand, my child," said the angry parent; "refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady. What have you to say to him now?"

"Why, really, father," replied Jessie, "I am much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it. I like Charles well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all.—So if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done;"—and off the gipsey ran, declaring she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister and expected them every minute.

The father and favorite daughter remained in the observatory.

"The heart is untouched, however," said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

"Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly," replied Agnes; "but has he really refused my sister?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And does he love another?"

"He says he does, and I believe him."

"Is he loved again?"

"That he did not say."

"Did he tell the name of the lady?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Is she worthy of him?"

"Most worthy."

"Has he any hope of gaining her affections? Oh, he must! he must! what woman could refuse him?"

"He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way, and as much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honorable part of Charles Woodford's conduct, that he intends to leave his affecions unsuspected by their object.

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a cape jessamine, and watering a favorite geranium; but it would not do; the subject was at heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

"Father, perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow as much, but although you never have in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and know I cannot tell how all that your kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, father, doubly mistaken me, in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendour. You meant to give Jessey and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions to your wealthy and titled neighbor. And with little change of persons these arrangements may still for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and heir, for he loves Jessey and Jessey loves him.—Charles Woodford may still be your partner and adopted son, for nothing has changed that need diminish your affections or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, and to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and myself, dear father. Let me live always with you and for you, always your own Agnes!" And blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected her fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statute to which, while he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her. "Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to whom he loves."

"Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess whom she may be?"

"Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said, that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?"

"You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!"

"Father!"

"And now mine own sweetest, do you still wish to live single with me?"

"Oh, father, father!"

"Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?"

"Father, dear father!"

"Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling around me, but speak."

"Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together!"

And so it was settled. And a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessey, with her prettiness, and her title and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day. But Agnes and the cousin, who, with his noble character and splendid talents, so well deserved her, made the pride and happiness of his home.

From the Flower Basket.

"THE GOLD COIN;"

Or, The Little Street Beggar.--A Story of "Happy New Year."

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

The following story is a jewel. We ask for it a careful perusal from all our young friends. What can candies, cakes, or any other enticement of the confectionary, do towards giving a calm, happy temperament of mind, when compared with that produced by affording relief to a family blasted with poverty. Young friends read the story, act out its suggestions, and God will bless you.—Ed.

It was the morning of a new year that had just set in, bright, golden, and beautiful. The snow glittering like jewelled raiment in the cloudless sun. The chiming of the silvery sounds of the bells struck joyfully upon the listener in every street. The air was cold, though not piercing; bracing, though not biting—just cold enough, in truth, to infuse life and elasticity into every one that moved.

There was a little girl, a child of poverty, on that beautiful new year's morning, walking the streets with the gay crowds that swept past her. Her little feet had grown so numb, encased only in thin shoes badly worn, that she could but with difficulty move one before the other. Her cheeks shook at every step she took, and her lips looked truly purple. Alas, poor Elsie Gray! She was a beggar!

Just like the old year, was the new year to her. Just like the last year's wants, and the last year's sufferings, were the wants and sufferings of this! The change of the year brought no change in her condition with it. She was poor, her mother was a widow and an invalid, and the child was a poor beggar!

In the old and cheerless room gleamed no bright fires of anniversary. No evergreens, no wreaths, no flowers, save a few old withered ones decked the time stained w[illegible] sound of merry voices w[illegible] I [illegible] say to the Widow Gray, "A ha[illegible]w Year to you, Mrs. Gray." Heaven seemed to have shut her and her abode out from happiness that was all the world's on that festive day of the year. It had provided to all appearances, no joys, no congratulations, no laughter, no gifts, no flowers, for them. Why? Were they outcasts? Had they outraged their claims on the wide world's charities? Had they voluntarily shut themselves out from the sun-light of the living creatures around them? No! a shame take the world that it must be so answered for them. Mrs. Gray was poor!

Little Elsie stopped at times and breathed her hot breath upon her blue and benumbed fingers, and stamping her tiny feet in their thin casements with all the force left in them; and then the big tears stood in her large blue eyes for a moment, and rolled slowly down her purple cheeks, as they would freeze to them. She had left her mother in bed, sick, exhausted, and famishing! What wonder that she cried, even though her tears only dropped on the icy pavement. As well fall there as elsewhere; the many human hearts that passed her were full as icy and hardened.

She would have turned back to go home, but she thought again of her poor mother, and went on, though where to go she knew not. She was to become a street beggar! Where would street beggars go! What streets are laid out and named and numbered for them? Surely, if not home, then where should they go? It was this thought that brought those crystal tears—that started those deep and impressible sobs that choked her infant utterance.

A young boy—a bright looking little fellow—chanced to meet her as she walked and wept and sobbed. He caught the glitter of those tears in the sunshine, and the sight smote his angel heart. He knew not what want and suffering were. He had never known them himself—never once heard of them—knew not even what a real beggar was. He stopped suddenly before Elsie, and asked her the cause of those tears. She could make him no reply, her heart was too full.

'Has any body hurt you?' asked the feeling little fellow.

She shook her head negatively.

'Have you lost your way?' he persisted.

'No,' answered the child quite audibly.

'What is the matter, then?' he asked.

'Mother is poor and sick, and I am cold and hungry. We have nothing to eat.—Our room is quite cold, and there indeed, is no wood for us. Oh, you do not know all—you cannot know all.'

'But I will,' replied the manly boy.—'Where do you live?'

'Will you go with me?' asked Elsie, her face brightening.

'Yes; let me go with you,' said he, 'show me the way!'

Through street, lane, and alley she guided him. They reached the door of her hovel. The cold breaths of wind whistled in at the cracks and crevices and keyhole before them, as if inviting them in. They entered. A sick woman feebly raised her head from the pillow, and gave her a sweet smile. 'Elsie, have you come?' she faintly said.

'Yes, mother,' answered the child; 'and I have brought this boy with me.—I do not know who he is, but he said he wanted to come and see where we lived. Did I do wrong to bring him, mother?'

'No, my child,' said the mother, 'if he knows how to pity you from his little heart, but he cannot pity me yet—he is not old enough yet.'

The bright-faced, sunny-hearted boy gazed in astonishment upon the mother and child. The scene was new to him. He wondered if that was what they called poverty. His eyes looked sadly upon the wasting mother, but they glittered with wonder when turned towards Elsie.—Suddenly they filled with tears. The want, the woe, the barrenness, the desolation, were all too much for him. He shuddered at the cold, uncovered floor.—He gazed mournfully in the empty fire place. His eyes wandered wonderingly over the naked walls, looking so uninvitingly and cheerless. Putting his hand in his pocket, he grasped the coin, that his mother had that very morning given him, and drew it forth. 'You may have that!' said he, holding it out to the child.

'Oh, you are too good! You are too generous, I fear!' broke in the mother, as if she ought not to take it from him.

'Mother will give me another if I want,' said he; 'it will do you a' great deal of good, and I know I don't need it. Take it, take it! you shall take it!' and he was instantly gone.

It was a gold coin of the value of five dollars!

Mother and child both wept together. Then they talked of the good boy whose heart had opened for them on this year's day. Then they let their fancies run and grow wild as they chose. They looked at the glistening piece. There was bread, clothing, and fuel in its depth. They continued to gaze upon it. Now they saw within its rim pictures of joy and delight; visions of long rooms all wreathed and decorated with flowers and evergreens; visions of smiling faces and happy children,—of merry sleigh rides and the glistening of bright runners over the smooth worn snow. They listened; they heard the mingled sounds of merry voices, and the chiming music bells, the accents of innocent tongues, and the laugh of gladsome hearts. Ah! what a philosopher's stone was that coin. How it turned things first into gold, then into happiness! How it grouped around them kind and cheerful friends, and filled their ears with kind voices! How it garlanded all the hours of that day with evergreens and full blown roses! How it spread them a laden table, and crowded it with merry guests, and those guests, too, all satisfied and happy! O, what bright rays shone from that trifling coin of gold. Could it have been as bright in the child's or the man's dark pocket? No; else it had before then burned its very way through, and lent its radiance to others. Could it have shone with such vision in the rich man's hands? No, else his avarice would have vanished at once, and his heart have overflowed with generosity. No, no, it was only to such as the widow and her child that it wore such a shine, and emitted such brilliant rays, and revealed such sweet and welcome visions. Only for such as they.

That night returned the angel boy to the bleak room, then filled with happiness and lighted with joy; but he was not alone; his own mother was with him.

Blessed boy. He passed the whole of New Year's day in making others happy. And how much happier was he himself. How his little heart warmed and glowed to see the child uncover the basket he had brought with him, and take out, one by one, the gifts that were stowed there.—How overjoyed was he to see his mother offer the sick woman work and a new home, and to see the sick woman suddenly grow very strong, and almost well under the influence of their kind offers. He wondered if their happiness could possibly be as deep as his own, if their New Year's was as bright to them as it was to him. He knew not how any one could be happier than he was at that moment.

Years have rolled away into the silent past. That little girl—Elsie Gray—is a lady. Not a lady only in name, but one in every deed, in heart, in conduct. She dwells in a sweet suburban cottage and her husband is devoted only to her. The husband is no other than the generous boy who on the New Year's festival accosted her so tenderly in the street and went home with her. Her poor mother sleeps quietly in the church yard; yet she lived to know that God had provided for her child. She died resigned and happy.

Are there coins, either of gold or silver, that must be locked away from sight on this day of the new year? Are there containing within their depths such sweet visions, such happy sights, they must lie under lock and key all this day, lest happiness and comfort may become too universal.

Napoleon's Views of Christ.

We recently noticed an account given by one of the pastors in this city in a public discourse of a conversation which passed between the Emperor Napoleon after his banishment to St. Helena, and Count de Monthlom.

The conversation was published not long since in a foreign journal. It is so well authenticated and so interesting in itself, that we here present that portion of it which relates to Christ, to our readers.

"I know men," said Napoleon, "and I tell you that Jesus is not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it marked individuality; which originated a train of words and actions unknown before. Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He exhibited in himself a perfect example of his prospects. Jesus is not a philosopher, for his proofs are miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him. In fact, learning and philosophy are of no use for salvation, and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven, and the laws of Spirit.

"Alexander, Caeser, Charlemange and myself founded Empires, but on what foundation did we rest the creation of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone formed his empire upon love; and at this hour millions of men would die for him.

"It was not a day or a battle that achieved the triumphs of the Christian religion in the world. No, it was a long war, a contest for three centuries, begun by the apostles, then continued by the flood of Christian generations. In this war, all the kings and potentates of the earth were on one side, and on the other I see no army, but a mysterious force, some men scattered here and there in all parts of the world, and who have no other rallying point than a common faith in the mystery of the cross.

"I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth, to become food for the worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep mistery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved and adored, and which is extending over the whole earth. Call you this dying? Is it not living rather? The death of Christ is the death of God."

Napoleon stopped at the last words, but Gen. Bertrand making no reply, the Emperor added—"If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, then I did wrong to appoint you General.—*N. Y. Evangelist*

CHANGES IN ANIMALS.

The tendency of organized life to put on new characteristics when subjected to new influences, is most happily set forth in the following extract from the last number of the Methodist Quarterly Review. The law here alluded to has an important bearing upon the Unity of the Human Race. If the varieties among men can be accounted for by a law of change now in action, the arguments against the commonly received and Scriptural doctrine on this subject, are deprived of nearly all their force.

"The Spaniards, when they discovered this country, found none of the domestic animals existing here which were used in Europe. They were accordingly introduced, and, escaping and straying from their owners, they have run wild in our forests for several centuries. The result has been the obliteration of the characteristics of the domestic animals, and a re-appearance of some of the typal marks of the wild state, and a generation of new and striking characteristics in accommodation to these new circumstances.

"The wild hog of our forests bears a striking likeness to the wild boar of the old world. The hog of the high mountains of Paramos bears a striking resemblance to the wild boar of France. Instead of being covered with bristles, however, as is the domestic breed from which he sprang, he is covered with a thick fur, often crisp, and sometimes an undercoat of wool. Instead of being white or spotted, they are uniformly black, except in some warmer regions, where they are red, like the young pecari. The anatomical structure has changed, adapting itself to the new habits of the animal, in an elongation of the snout, a vaulting of the forehead, a lengthening of the hind legs, and in the case of those left on the island of Cubugua, a monstrous elongation of the toes to half a span.

"The ox has undergone the same changes. In some of the provinces of South America, a variety has been produced called 'pelones,' having a very rare and fine fur. In other provinces a variety is produced with an entirely naked skin, like the dog of Mexico, or of Guinea. In Columbia, owing to the immense size of farms, and other causes, the practice of milking was laid aside, and the result has been that the secretion of milk in the cows is, like the same function in other animals of this class, only an occasional phenomenon, and confined strictly to the period of suckling the calf. As soon as the calf is removed, the milk ceases to flow, as in the case of other animals.

"These same changes have taken place in other animals. The wild dog of the Pampas never barks as the domestic animal does, but howls like the wolf. The wild cat has lost the musical accomplishments of her civilized sisterhood, and gives none of those delectable concerts of caterwauling that so often make night hideous, and call down from irritable listeners, curses, if not something heavier, on the whole feline race. The wild horse of the higher plains of South America becomes covered with a long, shaggy fur, and is of a uniform chestnut color. The sheep of the Central Cordilleras, if not shorn, produce a thick, matted, woolly fleece, which gradually breaks off into shaggy tufts, and leaves underneath a short, fine hair, shining and smooth, like that of the goat, and the wool never reappears. The goat has lost her large teats, and produces two or three kids annually. The same changes have been produced in geese and gallinaceous fowls. A variety has sprung up called rumpless fowls, which want from one to six of the caudal vertebra.

"The same variet es have [illegible] up